8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
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123 431 articles from us without offering us anything in exchange. One would say, "*Bororó*, headache—handkerchief, red"—Meaning, my head aches; give me a red handkerchief to tie around it. Or, "*Boé* sick—tobacco,"—I am sick. Give me a piece of tobacco to make me well. Or, again, "*Boé* pursue tapir—catch him not. Give tobacco." At other times, they sought to obtain things on credit, saying, "*Bororó*, bring"—I will bring you something. But they usually forgot "to bring." Sometimes they tried a little flattery. One day a chief man came to me saying: "Captain"—myself—"good—Captain very good. Bororó cry when Captain go away. Bororó ask Captain not go." But this was largely to pave the way to ask for something. When I had to refuse them and they seemed displeased, I said to them: "*Bororó*, good; *Bororó*, very good. Captain, bad—very bad." They always hastened to say in reply to this, "No, no; Captain, good—very good."

157 261 [433] [123] When fish became scarce and a hunting expedition had not resulted successfully, and they were, consequently, without food, they came to us acting as if they longed to become our slaves forever. After much self-abnegation, they would say, timidly, "*Boé tapira*,"—I like beef. *Tapira* is their word for cattle, cow, bullock or beef. But when they made a good haul of fish, their demeanor underwent an entire change, and seeming unable to recognize any one, they hastened to their huts without looking to the right or to the left. If spoken to, they feigned deafness. They do not wish many friends at such times as this as they would have to divide their catch with them. This is much like the civilized man, who, having acquired a fortune, is unable, longer, to recognize his less favored friends and relatives.

764 [123] A death occurred in the village the day after our arrival, and as custom among these people forbids that any member of the family of the deceased should leave the village to fish, hunt, or to forage, until all the obsequies, which continue many days, are over, they must trust to the generosity of their neighbors for food. Consequently, the father of the bereaved

/489 cont./

732 Sometimes Dyapokuri gave a performance. The men were far from regarding the feeble-minded one, who could only babble, as a superior creature. He liked to portray the quarreling of the women by launching into the most enraged gestures and vigorously demonstrated the mutual scratching and hair-pulling. He flew into frightful agitation himself, however, when a soldier teased him on account of his setting out to pursue the Kayapó (page 568) and, a stick over his shoulder, hitched along with huge, lunging strides: the poor devil foamed at the mouth with indignation, threw his burning chunk of wood at the mocker, and, since he did not know what else to do, snatched up a few wood chips from the ground and, with a teeth-baring grimace and unintelligible sounds of rage, depicted -- the mustache of the soldier. After a while he calmed down again and, for the funeral ceremony, practiced rattling with two rattle gourds and the rhythmic aróe grunts.

123 The hours in the ranchão were instructive and agreeable. There was only one thing that was intolerable, the incessant begging for tobacco. My pipe traveled from one man to another. The men dictated pages of Bororó to me, each one having to present in sentences whatever was going on at the moment, listened to me repeat it, and then laughed, just as gratified [57] as the Bakaïrí. The more intimate we became, the more striking was the agreement in temperament and character with the Kulisehu Indians. On a post in the men's house, after we had taken the anthropological measurements, /490/ my height was also indicated. A piece of charcoal was crushed with the teeth, pulverized with saliva in the hand, and above my head a black ring was painted around the post.

433 Food; "consecration." According to Clemente's report, in spite of all the hunting, the plant food obtained by the women is of the greatest importance, because it comes in more regularly 222 and abundantly. The women look for roots with a pointed stick, climb up the palm trees with great agility, among which preference is given to the oaussú and akurí, gather the nuts, cut the "palm cabbage" in the crown, look for jatobá and pikí fruits, 292 and so forth. The palm nuts are roasted or pounded in a mortar 574 and mixed with water to make a thickish drink, the refreshing